

G. King inv.t et sculp.



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THE

ANATOMIST;

OR, THE

SHAM-DOCTOR:

As it is now ACTED,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. MOTTEUX.

TO-day expect no Pageant Decoration,
This Lord Mayor's Show began the Reformation:
Yet is our Entertainment odd and new;
We've in our Show the first of Cuckolds too:
And what we call a Masque, some will allow
To be an Op'ra, as the World goes now.
So is your pois'ning Quack miscall'd a Doctor,
And your worst Mimick calls himself an Actor.
So your dull Scribler (to our Cost we know it)
Writes a damn'd Play, and is misnam'd a Poet.
Once Song and Dance cou'd buoy up want of Thinking,
But now those Bladders can't prevent its sinking:
Plays grow so heavy, that those Helps are vain;
Three times they sink, and never rise again.
Well, if our Neighbours the Precedence claim,
For good dull Stuff we'll not dispute with them.
Our Medley is perhaps as much too light,
But let it pass—We don't take Money yet by weight.
By Sympathy, 't should please the Beaus, I know,
For in all things an Op'ra's like a Beau.
Both Beau and Op'ra on the Stage are seen;
Both odd in Dress, and shifting still the Scene:
Each dances, sings, and moves like a Machine.
To be admir'd, 'tis at a vast Expence;
It loves soft Words, but cares not much for Sense;
For by its Nature 'twas design'd for show;
Why, 'tis an Op'ra but to dress a Beau.
But one unlucky Diff'rence stands between,
Op'ra's are paid, but Beaus pay to be seen
(Those who don't come to sharp an Act I mean.)
For your own sakes, we beg Applause of you;
Since 'twill revenge you on the Scribling Crew.
For, if this takes, strait cries each senseless Elf,
Dem-me, I'd write as well as this myself.
With that he writes a Thing which we refuse;
Then, wond'ring how we durst offend his Muse,
Strait in a huff he gives it t'other House;
Who either slight it, or 'twill be its Lot
To get as much as their last Op'ra got.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Monſieur *le Medecin*,	Mr. BLAKES
Old *Gerald*,	Mr. CLOUGH.
Young *Gerald*,	Mr. ACKMA.
Criſpin,	Mr. YATES.
Simon,	Mr. COLLINS.

WOMEN.

Wife to Monſieur *le Medecin*,	Mrs. GREEN.
Mrs. *Angelica*,	Mrs. HIPPISLEY.
Beatrice,	Mrs. BENNET.
Waiting Woman,	Mrs. SIMPSON.

THE

THE ANATOMIST; OR, THE SHAM-DOCTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter before the Curtain, Angelica, Beatrice.

ANGELICA.

IS my Mother ready? Is ſhe coming to hear the Muſick?

Beat. Yes, Madam, and is extremely pleas'd; ſhe loves Muſick wonderfully.

Ang. So do I, *Betrice*; we are much beholden to my ſinging Maſter.

Beat. Yes, Madam; but you are more beholden to your Lover, young Mr. *Gerald.*

Ang. How ſo?

Beat. You know he has left the Univerſity for your ſake, and has been this Month in Town, waiting Opportunities to ſee you: He brought with him ſome Words of his own compoſing to entertain you, they are ſet by your own Maſter: By this Means he hopes to get Admittance to diſcourſe you, and breathe his Love-Ejaculations in your Ear.

Ang. How can that be? He is known both by my Father and Mother.

Beat. No matter for that; he is in Diſguiſe, and ſits amongſt the Inſtrumental Muſick as one of them.

Ang.

Ang. How ſhall I know him?

Beat. By his Eye, as you do a Pheaſant, he'll be looking on you all the while.

Ang. But how will he come to ſpeak to me?

Beat. Truſt that to chance, at leaſt it will be a Pleaſure to ſee one another: It is a delight to Lovers to ſteal Looks, tho' it be at Church.

Ang. Sure Love and Devotion are near a-kin, they are each bred in the Soul, and Muſick is the Food of both.

Beat. Here comes your Father and Mother.

Enter Doctor *and* Wife.

Wife. Come, Huſband, ſtay and hear the Muſick, my Daughter's Maſter will take it ill elſe; it was provided for the Play-houſe, and he has brought 'em all here to practiſe it over in form: You'll have time enough to viſit your Patients.

Doct. Let 'em begin preſently then, for Time is precious to Men of Buſineſs.

Wife. The Muſick ſtrikes up already. Sit down, Huſband; Daughter and *Beatrice*, take you your Places over againſt us.

They all ſit down, and the firſt Muſical Entertainment begins. After that they riſe and ſpeak.

Doct. Well, now my time is out, I muſt be gone.

Wife. This is not all: This is but the Prologue to what follows; you muſt hear the reſt.

Doct. I muſt go viſit a Nobleman that is my Patient, juſt now, but I'll return anon: In the mean time take all the Performers in to Breakfaſt, and treat 'em with ſome Bottles of Wine.

Wife. By that time you'll come again.

Doct. Ay, my dear Wife, farewel. [*Exit.*

Wife. Gentlemen, pray all walk into the next Room, and take part of a ſmall Entertainment. Come, Daughter.

[*Exeunt Wife*, Ang. *and Performers.*

Enter Criſpin.

Criſp. Beatrice, tell Mrs. *Angelica* my Maſter wou'd fain come too, but dares not, for fear he ſhould be known to be

be in Town. Beſides, he and I have ſome Buſineſs, but we'll be here again anon.

Beat. Well, well, get you gone, *Criſpin.* I am call'd.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Old Gerald *and* Martin.

Mar. YOU are reſolv'd, Sir, to marry, you ſay?

O. Ger. I am; and to that end, I have ſent my Son to the Univerſity, to mind his Study, and be out of the way.

Mar. May I, Sir, be ſo bold, to aſk the Lady's Name, you intend to make your Wife?

O. Ger. Madam *Angelica*, the Doctor's Daughter.

Mar. Sure, Sir, you're not in earneſt! ſhe's not above fifteen; that Match, Sir, would be fitter for your Son.

O. Ger. My Son? I don't intend that he ſhall marry yet, theſe ſeven Years.

Mar. But, Sir, conſider well before you marry.

O. Ger. I have thought enough, ſhe's handſome, young, and ſprightly.

Mar. But theſe are Qualities will not agree with an old Man's Conſtitution.

O. Ger. Old, Coxcomb! I an't ſo old.

Mar. No, Sir, if you had been contemporary with the Patriarchs, you had been counted now a very Youth; but in this ſhort-liv'd Age we live in, Sir, you are, as one may ſay, worn to the Stumps.

O. Ger. Hold your prating; threeſcore is Man's ripe Age.

Mar. Yes, and his rotten Age too; but you, if I miſtake not, are threeſcore and ten.

O. Ger. No more of age: 'Tis a thing never to be inquir'd into, but when you are buying Horſes.

Mar. How! Not in Marriage, Sir?

O. Ger. Not if a Man be very rich.

Mar. Can you believe, Sir, the old Doctor her Father, and the Gentlewoman her Mother, who is a notable wiſe governing Woman, will beſtow their Daughter, and their only Heir, upon a Man ſo old, where there's no hopes of Grand-

Grand-children to inherit what they have, without an Act of Parliament to enable him?

O. Ger. Hold your Tongue, I ſay; you are my Servant, not my Counſellor I take it, Sir: This is my own Concern; when I am married, I doubt not but I ſhall behave my ſelf, as a married Man ought.

Mar. But if the Doctor won't conſent to it——

O. Ger. That I am ſure of, he has promis'd me, and he's a Man of his Word.

Mar. That indeed is ſomething: but, Sir, you know the Wife there wears the Breeches; and if the grey Mare be the better Horſe, you'll find it difficult to beſtride the Filly.

O. Ger. I know ſhe is a little domineering; and I know too that Mr. Doctor is a wiſe Man; his Gravity and Prudence will manage her well enough; he who can cure mad Folks, ſcorns to be Wife-ridden.

Mar. Many have try'd in vain; a Man ſometimes may ſooner break his own Heart, than his Wife's Will. But ſee, Sir, here's the Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Mr. *Gerald*, good Morrow to you, Sir.

O. Ger. Mr. Doctor, I was coming to ſpeak to you.

Doct. Come; let me feel your Pulſe.

O. Ger. It needs not, Sir,

Doct. T'other Hand.

O. Ger. That's not my Buſineſs.

Doct. No, but 'tis mine: your Pulſe, Sir, is diſordered.

O. Ger. You miſtake me, my——

Doct. Put out your Tongue, your Tongue.

O. Ger. No Matter for my Tongue.

Doct. Do you ſleep well?

O. Ger. Yes, very well. But, Sir——

Doct. How is your Stomach? Have you a good Appetite?

O. Ger. Yes, Mr. Doctor, but I come——

Doct. And do you digeſt well what you eat?

O. Ger. Yes, very well; but will you hear me, Sir?

Doct. And all thoſe other Benefits of Nature?

O. Ger. I have 'em regularly. But, Mr. Doctor——

Doct. Nay, if you eat well, drink well, ſleep well, digeſt well, and after all this ſhould not be well, it would be wonderful.

wonderful. But I loſe Time, I muſt viſit my other Patients. Your Servant, Sir.

O. Ger. Stay, good Sir, ſtay; I have had Patience to hear you talk, and to no Purpoſe neither: Now 'tis my Turn to ſpeak, and to ſome Purpoſe.

Doct. Diſpatch then; I'm in haſte.

O. Ger. 'Tis not about my Health I came to you, no, 'tis another Affair.

Doct. What Affair?

O. Ger. That, that you know of.

Doct. What, I ſay?

O. Ger. The Buſineſs that I ſpoke of.

Doct. When?

O. Ger. When! more than once.

Doct. Where?

O. Ger. At ſeveral Places; at your Houſe and mine.

Doct. What was it then?

O. Ger. About your Daughter?

Doct. What about my Daughter?

O. Ger. About my marrying her.

Doct. O! was it nothing elſe? I thought't had been ſomething of Conſequence. As to that Matter, I have given my Promiſe; chooſe your own time, marry her when you pleaſe.

O. Ger. And have you broke it to your Wife?

Doct. No, but my Will is hers; ſhe ſubmits to what I think fit. I am and will be Maſter. I thank Heaven, I have Diſcretion, and can rule a Wife, as a wiſe Huſband ought.

O. Ger. I doubt it not.

Doct. If once my Wife ſhould contradict my Will, ſhe ſhould ſoon find what Metal I am made of. I thank my Stars, we have no domeſtick Broils, my Wife ſubmits to me in all Things.

O. Ger. If you think fit then, let's acquaint her with it, 'tis a Formality all Mothers may expect.

Doct. You ſay well; ſtay here, I'll call her. [*Exit.*

O. Ger. Well, *Martin*, what ſay you now?

Mar. I ſee the Doctor is your Friend; ſo far all's well; but mark the End I ſay ſtill.

Re-enter Doctor *and* Wife.

Doct. My Deareſt, here's our good Friend Mr. *Gerald* come purpoſely to ſee you. *Wife.*

Wife. Sir, your Servant. Tho' my Husband's a Physician, I am glad to see you're in good Health.

O. Ger. Speak to her, Mr. Doctor, tell her the Business.

Doct. Do you speak first.

O. Ger. 'Tis properer for you.

Doct. No, no, you'll explain yourself much better, Lovers are eloquent.

O. Ger. But you have the Authority of a Husband, and may without Ceremony open the Matter to her.

Doct. No, you must break the Ice, you shall see my Power if she resists.

Wife. Pray, Gentlemen, what's this Contest about, and why was I call'd hither?

O. Ger. A foolish Punctilio of Honour; and something Mr. Doctor has to acquaint you with.

Doct. Our kind Friend, Mr. *Gerald* here, has a mind to marry our Daughter, Love.

O. Ger. Yes, Madam; and upon such Terms as few Parents are displeas'd with. You may scruple my Age: but when you know, I will take her without a Portion, and mean to settle a good Jointure on her, allow her handsomely for Pin-money, keep her a Coach, a Chariot, and two Footmen; and give her every New-years Day a Hundred Guineas in an embroidered Purse, to fool away; I hope, that Scruple will be remov'd. Besides, Mr. Doctor has given his Consent already, and I doubt not but yours will come as easily.

Wife. Hold there, good Mr. *Gerald*; these Things require Consideration; your Ages are most unsuitable. Many young Women have been ruin'd by such unequal Matches. Youth and Age cannot agree: An old Man may be fond of a young Woman, but a young Woman of an old Man never. But to avoid all Inconveniencies, and fatal Accidents, that may happen to our Family by such a disproportion'd Marriage, I must tell you plainly, you shan't have my Consent; and I hope you will not take it ill of me.

O. Ger. But your Husband, Madam, has given me his Word.

Wife. What if he has? He gave it then without Consideration. When he comes to weigh all Circumstances as he ought, he must and will be of my Mind too.

O. Ger.

O. Ger. Speak, Mr. Doctor, did not you abſolutely promiſe me?

Wife. He who indiſcreetly promiſes, may with good Reaſon call it back. He did it without my Knowledge or Conſent, therefore 'twas but a half Promiſe, Sir.

O. Ger. But, Mr. Doctor, a Man of Honour ought to keep his Word, and ſtand to what he ſays. Speak then, have you not promiſed me your Daughter?

Doct. 'Tis true, I cannot deny it.

Wife. How! can you not? We'll talk of that hereafter. Well, Mr. *Gerald*, promiſe, or not promiſe, all's one for that; I deny my Conſent, and that's enough.

Doct. But Wife, dear Wife——

Wife. Wife me no Wife's, but hold your fooliſh prating; ſure I know better than you what's fitting for our Daughter.

Doct. But, my Dear, we ought——

Wife. I know we ought to be wiſer than to make fooliſh Promiſes; or if you were ſo childiſh, not to keep 'em. Come, Mr. *Gerald*, ſet your Heart at reſt, you ſhall never marry my Daughter; there's my Reſolution. I will not be the Jeſt of the whole Town. Who would not ſplit their Sides to hear a couple of old Fools call one another Father and Son? Away, away for ſhame! [*Exit.*

Mar. Sir, Sir, Mr. Doctor.

Doct. Well, what ſay you?

Mar. If once my Wife ſhould contradict my Will, ſhe ſhould ſoon find what Metal I am made of. I thank my Stars, we have no domeſtick Broils, my Wife ſubmits to me in all Things.

O. Ger. Martin ſays true; this Leſſon you read to us, before you call'd your Wife, good Mr. Doctor.

Doct. 'Tis very true; and 'tis as true, this was no proper Place to ſhew my Authority; our Paſſion muſt be govern'd by our Reaſon; my Moderation muſt cool her Intemperance: Had I preſently flown to the Top o'th' Houſe, we had made fine work on't. I'll take a more convenient Opportunity to diſcourſe this Matter with her; in the mean Time, leave it to me: I have given my Word, and I will—I will—come, truſt to me: I warrant you.

Mar. Yes, Sir, leave it to Mr. Doctor, he'll do wonders; he is a Lion in private, but you ſaw he was a Lamb

in publick: But I fear you had better take the Wife's Word than the Huſband's; 'tis plain ſhe ruſes the Roaſt.

Doct. You are a Fool, and know not what you ſay.

Mar. But I know, Sir, you had a furious Repulſe at the Half-Moon, you were beaten out of your Trenches too; you'll have no better luck at the Counterſcarp: If you dare venture to Storm, I fear you'll be beaten off with ſuch a ſhameful Loſs, you will be forc'd to raiſe the Siege, and glad you 'ſcape unwounded.

Doct. Hold your Tongue, you are a ſaucy Knave.

Mar. I have done; I won't diſpute Titles with Mr. Doctor.

Doct. Well, Mr. *Gerald*, once more leave all to me: I tell you I will do it; that's ſufficient. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now, Sir, have you the ſame Hopes you had of marrying Mrs. *Angelica!* You ſee her Mother's an imperious Woman, and will never give her Conſent to it: The Doctor, I confeſs, is an able Phyſician, an excellent Man in his Way, but yet he has the Fortune to be Henpeck'd, and muſt ſubmit, as many wiſe and learned Men have done; therefore you muſt not build upon his Promiſes: Beſides, I do not find you have got the Daughter's Conſent yet; and that's the main Point of all.

O. Ger. You ſay true, *Martin*; I muſt think of that. Stay, is not that *Criſpin* yonder?

Enter Criſpin.

Criſ. O Sir, your Servant: I am glad I have found you. Good Morrow, *Martin.*

Mar. Good Morrow, *Criſpin.*

O. Ger. What Cauſe brings you to Town?

Criſ. Your Son, my Maſter, ſent me in all haſte.

O. Ger. For what?

Criſ. That Letter will inform you.

O. Ger. reads. Honoured Father, hoping you are in good Health, as I am, thanks be to God, at the preſent Writing hereof; this is to let you underſtand that all my Money's gone, and my Clothes worn ſo bare, that you may, as the ſaying is, ſee my Breech thro' my Pocket-holes.

Mar. A fine Epiſtle!

O. Ger. This is not my Son's Style, nor is't his Hand: This is ſome Roguery of yours, Sirrah.

Criſ. To tell you the plain Truth, Sir, I loſt I know not

not how, my Maſter's Letter on the Road; and baiting at a little Village, it happened to be the Sexton's Houſe, who ſold a Cup of notable good Ale: There I got him to write this Letter for me. I know my Maſter ſent for Money, and Clothes, pray read the reſt.

O. Ger. No, I have read enough.

Mar. You dictated this Letter to the Sexton, *Criſpin!*

Criſ. I did ſo: What of that?

Mar. Nothing, but that the Style is very eloquent.

Criſ. I think ſo: I have not been at the Univerſity with my Maſter four Months for nothing.

O. Ger. Has my Son ſpent all his Money in ſo ſhort a Time? He has been prodigal.

Criſ. He could not help it, he was forc'd to treat at his firſt coming, Sir: I ſhall be his Steward for the future, and manage Matters better.

O. Ger. Look you do. I have ſome Buſineſs now: About an Hour hence come home to me. Follow me, *Martin.* [*Ex.* O. Ger. *and* Mar.

Criſ. So far all's well: If I can ſcrew a good Sum out of him, I do my Maſter's Buſineſs; the old Gentleman muſt not know he's in Town, nor muſt my Maſter know I loſt his Letter. O, here he comes.

Enter Young Gerald.

Y. Ger. I ſent you with my Letter to my Father; why are you loitering here?

Criſ. 'Tis done, Sir?

Y. Ger. What is done, Sir?

Criſ. Your Buſineſs, Sir, is done effectually: I met your Father here, juſt in this Place; gave him your Letter; he read it o'er and o'er, and ſaid the Style was admirable; was overjoy'd to ſee how the Univerſity had improv'd you; then I made him an eloquent Oration, to let him ſee how I had profited: This melted his hard Heart, made his old Eyes twickle like Flames in the Bottom of two Sockets: At laſt he bid me come home to him ſome half an Hour hence; by that time, Sir, the Money will be ready.

Y. Ger. Did he aſk no Queſtions? How I had ſpent my Money? what Company I kept? or how I behav'd myſelf in the Univerſity?

Criſ. He had no time for that; when I come home to him, perhaps he may.

Y. Ger. Be careful, *Criſpin*; ſhould he ſuſpect——

Criſ. He ſhall pump nothing out of me, I warrant you.

Y. Ger. But *Martin* is a notable ſly Youth.

Criſ. You think, becauſe I can't write and read as he can, that I have leſs Wit than *Martin*; I warrant you, I'll be upon my guard, I'll deal well enough with him. But now, Sir, let me queſtion you a little: How durſt you ventu e abroad by Day-light? Should your Father——

Y. Ger. I know it, *Criſpin*, but as ſoon as you were gone, *Angelica* ſent her Maid to me, bid me meet her here; ſomething of Conſequence has happen'd to her, and I'm in pain to know the Meaning of it. See, ſhe is here.

Enter Angelica.

Y. Ger. My dear *Angelica!*

Ang. Mr. *Gerald!* I am glad my Maid found you, you have made haſte.

Y. Ger. Can you blame me for that? My Love was too impatient to wait; I have a thouſand Doubts and Fears: Why did you ſend for me? what has happen'd, Madam? Tell me, my *Angelica*, and eaſe my loaded Heart.

Ang. I could not prevail upon myſelf to ſtay till you came. O *Gerald!* 'twill ſurprize you when I tell you, your Father is in Love.

Y. Ger. You mock me, Madam.

Ang. No, 'tis too true; he has ask'd me of my Father and my Mother, offers to ſettle a large Jointure on me, and marry me without a Portion too. Theſe are Propoſals few Parents will refuſe.

Y. Ger. The Laws of Nature, tho' not of Nations, forbid ſuch unequal Matches.

Ang. But Money, *Gerald*, what will not Money do?

Y. Ger. 'Tis true; for Money Mothers ſell their Daughters.

Ang. Yes, and for Money moſt Daughters ſell themſelves.

Y. Ger. A Beau for Money will marry an old wither'd Witch, with rotten Lungs, no Teeth, one Eye, and half a Noſe.

Ang. For Money Soldiers ſell their Lives.

Y. Ger. And Prieſts their Conſciences. ——But, my *Angelica*, your Father is a wiſe and learned Man, he is no mercenary, he won't ſell you.

Ang.

Ang. You are miſtaken, Sir, he has given his Promiſe to your Father.

Y. Ger. Then all my Hope is vaniſh'd.

Ang. Not ſo; you have no reaſon to deſpair. You ſay my Father's wiſe, and learned too; now I ſay, my Mother has no Learning, but more Wiſdom; for ſhe has poſitively refus'd to give him her Conſent.

Y. Ger. O you revive me! my drooping Soul drinks up your Words, as the parch'd Earth does a refreſhing Shower! What's to be done, *Criſpin?*

Ang. I told you my Mother lov'd Muſick moſt immoderately: She is much pleas'd with it. I will let her know that it was your Contrivance, and acquaint her with our Love, and try to make her of our Party. Stay hereabouts, if I ſucceed, *Beatrice* ſhall give you Notice.

Y. Ger. Do, my dear lov'd *Angelica:* Good Luck attend you. [*Exit.* Ang.

Criſ. Has the Devil Lechery got Poſſeſſion of my old Maſter's Head? I am ſure he left his Breeches long ago. Let me ſee; he has to my Knowledge been bewitch'd about ſome fifteen Years.

Y. Ger. This was the Cauſe I was remov'd, and ſent to the Univerſity.

Criſ. He ſhall quickly find we loſt no Time there; we have ſtudied hard, ſtudied Fortification, we can entrench; if he can mine, Sir, we can countermine.

Y. Ger. Now go, fetch the Money from my Father inſtantly, you ſhall find me hereabouts at your return. [*Ex.*

Criſ. Well,

Of all your Father's Follies, this is the worſt,
When old Men fall in Love, they're ſurely curſt.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Doctor's Houſe.

Enter the Doctor's Wife, Angelica, *and* Beatrice.

Wife. IS the Room in Order, *Beatrice,* for the Muſick to go on with the Entertainment?

Bea. Yes, Madam.

Wife. 'Tis very well. Go ſee how long it will be to Dinner.

Come, my *Angelica*, be free and merry,
Truſt to thy Mother's Conduct, and her Kindneſs;
Thy Father ſhall not ſell thee while I live.
While you remain obedient and diſcreet,
It ſhall be all the Study of my Life
To make you happy, Child.

Ang. Oh my dear Mother!
Let me receive this Bleſſing on my Knees.
If ever I am diſobedient to you,
Or e'er abuſe this mighty Goodneſs to me,
May I become the Out-caſt of your Family;
Diſown'd by you, deſpis'd by all good Women,
And hated by young *Gerald*.

Enter Young Gerald.

Wife. Here he comes.
You're welcome, Sir; if mine is not ſufficient,
You ſhall have her welcome too,
And that, I hope, will pleaſe you.

Y. Ger. Pleaſe me! ay, more
Than Wealth to Miſers, Freedom to a Slave,
Or a Reprieve to one condemn'd to die.

Ang. Oh, Mr. *Gerald!*
I have the moſt indulgent Mother living.
Your Father's liberal Offers to the Doctor
Cannot prevail on her.

Y. Ger. How ſhall I thank you, Madam, as I ought?
How pay the mighty Debt due to you both;
Due to your Wiſdom, and her matchleſs Love?
If all the Duty, the profound Reſpect
That ever pious Son paid his own Mother,
Can merit ſo much Happineſs, I'll deſerve it;
The Buſineſs of my Life ſhall be to pleaſe her.
My Truth, my Conſtancy, and perfect Love,
No Time ſhall alter, nor no Chance remove.

Wife. Do this, my Son, and Heaven will bleſs you both.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. My Maſter, Madam, has ſent Word he can't be at home till Dinner-time, but would have you go on with the Muſick.

Wife. Then we'll loſe no more Time: Come, let us ſeat ourſelves; I long to hear more.

Here comes in the ſecond Muſical Entertainment. After which they riſe and ſpeak.

Wife.

Wife. We'll hear the reſt after Dinner.

Bed. Deſire the Gentlemen all to walk in.

Y. Ger. I muſt not be ſeen by your Huſband; therefore I'll take my Leave.

Wife. I know it, Mr. *Gerald.* Your Servant, Sir.

Ang. Sir, your Servant.

Y. Ger. Adieu, my Life, my dear *Angelica*— [*Exit.*

Wife. Two Things, and only two, *Angelica*, I always lov'd, and lov'd 'em paſſionately.

Ang. What were thoſe, Madam?

Wife. My Huſband, and good Muſick.

Ang. And in that, Madam, I follow your Example.

Wife. Yes, Child, but take this Rule along with you; Diſcretion is a Woman's ſafeſt Guard.

She ſhuns Vain-glory, Malice, Strife, and Pride,
When Reaſon and Good-nature is her Guide.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Doctor.

DOCTOR.

BEATRICE, I ſay; where are you?

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. Here, Sir, here.

Doct. See all Things are in order here in the Laboratory. Many Virtuoſi will be here, to ſee my curious Diſſection, and hear the Lecture I intend to read on a dead Body, which every Moment I expect to be ſent in from the Place of Execution.

Bea. Why do you chooſe this back Apartment at the End of the Garden? You us'd to do it in the great Hall formerly.

Doct. My Wife will have it ſo, and that's enough; the Body may be brought in privately, at that Back-door, for ſo I order'd it: Beſides, the wrangling Diſputations of ſelf-conceited, obſtinate Phyſicians, who come to ſee my Operation, will at this Diſtance leſs diſturb the Neighbourhood; they will maintain their Notions with more Noiſe, than Betters in a Cock-pit.

Bea.

Bea. 'Tis obſerv'd, you Doctors rarely agree in your Opinions, Sir; which makes ſome affirm, Phyſick itſelf is a very uncertain Science.

Doct. That's true; but yet the Fault's not in the Art.

Bea. It muſt be in the Profeſſors then.

Doct. And ſo it is; but this is not your Buſineſs.

Bea. I only ſpeak my ſimple Judgment, Sir.

Doct. The Body will be here immediately; let 'em carry it into the Vault, 'tis cooler there: In the mean Time I'll make ſome Viſits to my Patients that are near. Ha! *Beatrice*, let me ſee, what have you there?

Bea. Where, Sir? What do you mean?

Doct. There, Sirrah, there. Let's ſee thoſe pretty Bubbies.

Bea. Fie, Sir! you make me bluſh.

Doct. Faith I will ſee 'em; I, and feel 'em too.

Bea. You old Men have ſuch odd Fancies in you.

Doct. I am a Cock o'th' Game, you little Rogue.

Bea. You ſtrut, and crow, and clap your Wings indeed, but all to little purpoſe.

Doct. Ah, you unlucky Chit! I cou'd—I cou'd—

Bea. But you forget your Patients, Sir.

Doct. That's true indeed: Well, when I come again. [*Ex.*

Bea. I find all Huſbands, old and young, are ſtill for Variety, which is a certain Sign of an ill Stomach: Well, if ever it be my fortune to marry one who ſerves me ſo, I'll ſay no more, but that which is Sauce for a Gooſe ſhall be Sauce for a Gander too.

Enter Criſpin.

Criſpin! What brings you hither now?

Criſ. I have been almoſt half an Hour hankering about the back Door: I ſaw the Doctor come forth juſt now, and then I ventur'd to ſlip in.

Bea. Secure that Door then, while I faſten this; we will not be ſurpriz'd: Now what's the Buſineſs?

Criſ. My Maſter, poor Man, 's at his Wit's End; he walks and ſtarts, then ſtops and muſes, then he walks again: What Madam *Angelica* told him about his Father has diſtracted him. I have a Letter for her.

Bea. Give it me.

Criſ. Stay, *Beatrice*, let me look on you a little: What haſt thou been doing to thyſelf? I never ſaw thee ſo handſome in my Life.

Bea.

Bea. Indeed I

Criſ. No, indeed; Thou haſt ſtol'n ſome of thy Lady's Waſh; it can't be natural; come, let me try.

Bea. Stand off, you Fool.

Criſ. Now I think on't, I have not had one Kiſs ſince I came from the Univerſity.

Bea. Keep your Diſtance, you had beſt: I will not make you ſo familiar with me.

Criſ. Say you ſo? Harkee, Gentlewoman, what made you here alone with Mr. *Doctor?* This Place is very private, at a convenient Diſtance from the Houſe too.

Bea. One who was hang'd this Morning is to be diſſected here: I muſt ſet every thing in order for it; the Body will be ſent in preſently.

Criſ. We have prepar'd another Entertainment for your Lady. Here, let me out quickly. [*Knocking.*

Doct. within.] Open the Door.

Bea. What ſhall I do? It is my Maſter.

Criſ. Let me out, I ſay. [*to the Door.*

Bea. Here, come to the other Door. [*Knocking at the Wife within.*] Where are you, *Beatrice?*

Bea. O Heaven! 'tis my Miſtreſs, ſhe's at the other Door.

Criſ. The Devil ſhe is.

Bea. If ſhe were not there, I would let you down into the Vault.

Doct. within.] Ho, *Beatrice!* Open the Door, I ſay.

Criſp. What will become of me?

Bea. Here, here, lay yourſelf at length upon this Table: I'll ſay you are the dead Body ſent from the Gallows.

Criſ. Oh *Beatrice!* ——

Bea. No more; do as I bid you.

Criſpin *lies at his full length on the Table.* Beatrice *opens the Door.*

Enter Doctor.

Doct. You made me wait ſufficiently. I had forgot ſome Medicines I prepar'd; I muſt go up and fetch 'em. [*Ex.*

Bea. Now I'll let in my Miſtreſs.

Enter Wife.

Wife. How were you employ'd, you could open the Door no ſooner?

Bea. I was buſy in taking in this executed Body; I made all the haſte I could.

Re-enter

Re-enter Doctor.

Doct. How now, my deareſt Love, what makes you here?

Wife. I came to ſee if all Things were in order as they ſhould be.

Doct. 'Tis very well. Adieu, I am in haſte. [*Ex* Dr.

Wife. Beatrice, ſet all his Inſtruments in Order: My Daughter and I will make a Viſit; I do not love ſuch Sights, they make me melancholy.

Bea. I'll be careful in your Abſence. [*Ex.* Wife. Now, *Criſpin*, is my Invention good? [Criſpin *riſes.*

Criſ. You've brought me bravely off; but I'll be gone, for fear of an After-clap.

Doct. within. Beatrice, Beatrice, opens the Door again. [*Knocks.*

Bea. 'Tis my Maſter; to the ſame Poſture quickly.

Criſ. The Devil take him.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. I think I am bewitch'd to Day; I have taken the wrong Medicines. What's that there?

Bea. The Body from the Gallows, Sir; the Fellows that brought it would not carry it into the Vault.

Doct. How came they to ſend him with his Clothes on?

Bea. They'll call for 'em to Morrow.

Doct. 'Tis very well. Ha! the Body's warm: I have a Mind to make an Experiment immediately. Go, *Beatrice*, fetch me my Inciſion Knives, Amputation Knife, Diſmembering Saw, with the Threads, Pins, and all the other Inſtruments I laid ready in my Cloſet.

Bea. But, Sir, your Patients expect you now.

Doct. An Hour or two hence will ſerve.

Bea. Should any of 'em die in the mean Time ——

Doct. That's not my Fault; if any of 'em are in ſo much Danger, my Viſit will do 'em no good now.

Bea. I have heard you ſay, Sir, a proper Doſe given at a lucky Time ——

Doct. Go, bring me only my Inciſion Knife; for while the natural Heat remains, I ſhall more eaſily come at the lacteal Veins, which convey the Chyle to the Heart, for Sanguification, or encreaſe of Blood.

Bea. But, Sir, you won't begin the Anatomy before the Doctors come.

Doct.

Doct. Fetch it, I ſay.

Bea. Well, Sir, ſince I muſt. [*Exit.*

Doct. He's not ill-ſhap'd, nor is he very ill-featur'd; and yet his Viſage ſtill retains much Diſcontent and Trouble. Well, all the Rules of Metopoſcopy and Phyſiognomy are falſe, if this was not a Rogue that very well deſerv'd hanging. This Inciſion pleaſes me extremely; I'll open his Belly from the *Xiphoid Cartilage*, quite along to the *Os Pubis*. I feel his Heart pant yet: If any of my fellow Phyſicians were here now, eſpecially thoſe who doubt the *Harveyan* Doctrine, I'd let them plainly ſee the Circulation of the Blood thro' the *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole*.

Enter Surgeon.

Sur. O Doctor! I am glad I have found you: My Lord is much worſe ſince Yeſterday; you muſt viſit him immediately.

Doct. I'll come anon; I am very buſy now.

Sur. My Lord's ſo very ill, you muſt go with all Speed to him.

Doct. Go you before, I ſay, and let him Blood, I'll be with him in an Hour.

Sur. Sure Bleeding can't be proper in his Circumſtances.

Doct. I ſay, let him Blood: Sure I know what I do.

Sur. His Caſe is alter'd much, Sir, ſince you ſaw him.

Doct. Once more, I ſay, go bleed him.

Sur. But Sir———

Doct. Bleed him, I ſay: 'Tis fine indeed when Surgeons ſhall teach Phyſicians.

Sur. I will not bleed him, I am ſure it will be his Death. Let who will do it for me; and ſo farewel. [*Exit.* Sur.

Doct. Farewel, Sir; if you won't, another ſhall.

Enter Beatrice, *who was liſtening.*

Bea. I have been looking all about, Sir, and cannot find your Inciſion Knife: Beſides, Sir, a fine Lady call'd at the Door juſt now, in a great gilt Coach, and charg'd me to ſend you to my Lord's immediately.

Doct. Ha!

Bea. In haſte, Sir, in all haſte.

Doct. Sayeſt thou——

Bea. He's dying, Sir, he's dying.

Doct. What ſhould I go for then?———

Bea. You muſt go, Sir, you ſhall go—you are ſent for.

Doct.

Doct. The Devil's in the Wench—*She turns him round.*

Bea. They are in haſte, in haſte, Sir.

Doct. Well, I go then: Let the Body be carried into the Vault.

Bea. It ſhall, Sir; but loſe no more Time: be gone, So, Joy go with you. [*She turns him out.*

Criſ. And I, without more Words, will be gone preſently.

Bea. Whither in ſuch Haſte?

Criſ. Whither, with a Vengeance! Let me out, I ſay: You muſt fetch the Inciſion Knife, with a Pox t'ye, and all the other damnable Inſtruments, to rip me up alive, and make minc'd Meat of me! Curſe on his *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole*.

Bea. You are miſtaken, *Criſpin*: When I went out, I did not go to fetch the Inſtruments, I went to hide 'em, where I was ſure he could never find 'em.

Criſ. I thought indeed, you could not have the Heart to ſee a Man who loves you as I do, ſo barbarouſly diſmembered; and therefore I lay ſtill.

Bea. Well, ſtay here a while; I'll run and give *Angelica* the Letter, and return inſtantly.

Criſ. I beg your Pardon, I'll ſtay no longer in this Room.

Bea. Why ſo?

Criſ. The very Thought of that damn'd Inciſion Knife puts me into a cold Sweat: I'll ſtay for you in the Street.

Bea. Away, you Sot.

Criſ. I had rather be a Sot than an Anatomy; I will not have my Fleſh ſcrap'd from my Bones. I will not be hung up for a Skeleton in Barber-Surgeons-Hall.

Bea. Stay but a little.

Criſ. Yes, in the Street: There I ſhall not be in Danger of your damn'd Amputation Knife, and your diſmembering Saw, with a Pox to him.

Bea. Alas! poor *Criſpin*.

Criſ. Fear makes me think every Thing I ſee an Inſtrument to rip me up, from the *Syſtole* to the *Diaſtole*.

Bea. He had a Mind to be acquainted with your Inſide, *Criſpin*.

Criſ. The Devil pick his Bones for't. I ſhall never recover myſelf, till I get out of this curſed Place. [*Knocking again.*] Ah! the Spirit's come again! Open the Door, I'll ruſh out like a Lion.

Bea.

Bea. Have a Care, or you'll ſpoil all.

Criſ. If the Doctor catches me here, he will ſpoil all. Amputation and Inciſion will ſpoil all.

Bea. Come, lay yourſelf upon the Table quickly; he has no Inſtruments.

Criſ. Not I; for aught I know, he may have ſome about him; his Pockets may be fill'd with Knives, Pins, Threads, Saws, and the Devil and all.

Bea. Well thought on! Here hangs my Maſter's Gown and Cap, you ſhall ſtrait put 'em on, and tell him you are a Phyſician, juſt come from the Univerſity; and underſtanding a dead Body was to be diſſected by him, came to hear his Lecture.

Criſ. Where is the dead Body, Fool?

Bea. I'll tell him, 'tis carried into the Vault, as he commanded.

Criſ. Give me the Robes then: I'd rather act the Doctor than the dead Body. So, now I hope I need not fear his peeping into my *Os Pubis*, with a Pox to him.

[*Puts on the Gown.*

Bea. But if he ſhould find out your Ignorance!

Criſ. I'll venture that; the World belies 'em, or there are many great Phyſicians as great Fools as my ſelf. I have good natural Parts, *Beatrice*, if they 'ſcape but Inciſion and Amputation.

Bea. So; now I'll let him in.

Enter a Waiting Woman.

Wait. Is Mr. Doctor within?

Bea. No.

Wait. Why do you deny him to me? There he is.

Criſ. Well, what's your Buſineſs with me, Miſtreſs? Speak.

Wait. My Lady has loſt her little Lap-dog, which ſhe lov'd better than any Relation in the World. She lays the Fault on me, and grieves and takes on as if 'twere her only Child. I fear ſhe'll grow diſtracted if we find it not. Now, Sir, knowing that you are not only a learned Phyſician, but that you underſtand Aſtrology and the like—

Criſ. Ay, ay, I underſtand one, as well as the other.

Wait. Therefore, Sir, I bring you a Fee, and deſire you to tell me ſome Tidings of him.

Criſ. Have you brought the Dog's Water with you?

Wait. His Water? The Dog's loſt, Sir.

Criſ. Loſt — why — ay, what then?

Bea. The Raſcal ſtumbles confoundedly — You do not mind, Sir, the Dog is not ſick, he is loſt.

Criſ. O ho — loſt! how long ſince was he loſt?

Wait. Two Days ago,

Criſ. At what Hour?

Wait. At Eleven in the Morning.

Criſ. What Colour?

Wait. Black and white.

Criſ. Enough, enough.

Wait. Well, he's a rare Man, if he can tell me where to find the Dog. [*Aſide to* Bea.

Bea. Never doubt him; he will do it certainly.

Criſ. You ſay 'tis two Days ſince?

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Criſ. About Eleven a Clock?

Wait. Yes.

Criſ. Black and white?

Wait. Very right, Sir.

Criſ. *Beatrice*, what's in that Box there in your Hand?

Bea. Some Pills my Maſter gave me to lay up.

Criſ. O ho! Some Pills. Give me the Box.

Bea. To what Purpoſe?

Criſ. Hold your Peace. [*Aſide.* Here, take theſe Pills.

Wait. For what, an't pleaſe your Worſhip?

Criſ. Your Lady's Dog is loſt?

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Criſ. And you would find him again?

Wait. With all my Heart.

Criſ. Take theſe Pills then.

Wait. Will theſe Pills make me find the Dog again?

Criſ. Yes, they will make you find him; for they're of a very ſearching Nature. There I was witty, *Beatrice*. [*Aſide.*

Wait. But, Sir ———

Criſ. Go, do as I bid you.

Wait. Here are juſt five, Sir, muſt I take 'em all?

Criſ. Yes, all five, and all at once.

Wait. There is your Fee, Sir; if theſe Pills help us to the Dog again, you'll have my Lady, and the whole Family for your Patients; and ſo your Servant, Sir. [*Ex. Wait.*

Bea. Ha, *Criſpin!* Is not this better than being a dead Body?

Body? You no ſooner commenc'd Doctor, but you got a Doctor's Fee. [*She ſhuts the Door.*

Criſ. Two new Crown-pieces; 'tis a brave Trade indeed: Here a Man gets his Money eaſily.

Bea. I could not chooſe but ſmile, to hear your Ignorance. O ſilly! the Dog's Water? And what wou'd you have done, but for my Box of Pills? Give Pills to find a Dog! Ha, ha, ha!

Criſ. What would you have a Man do, who can neither write nor read? Come, let me diſrobe myſelf; I'll wait for you in the Street. [*Knocking.*

Bea. Hark, ſomebody knocks again.

Criſ. O Lord! If this ſhould be the Doctor.

Bea. There's no Remedy: You muſt brazen it out.

Enter Simon.

Sim. Is Mr. Doctor within?

Bea. What's your Buſineſs?

Sim. I'd ſpeak with him.

Bea. From whom?

Sim. Why, from my zelf.

Bea. Why, do you know him, Friend?

Sim. I come to aſk him one Queſtion, and you aſk me a Score.

Bea. He's not at home to every body; therefore I muſt know.

Sim. Then I neither know him, nor he me. I pray, is he at home to receive Money? I bring a Fee.

Criſ. Who are you, Friend?

Sim. Why they call me at our Town, *Simon* the Infant; but my Name is *Simon Burly*.

Criſ. Well, what's your Buſineſs? quick.

Sim. I am told you're an Aſtrologer, as well as Doctor.

Criſ. What then?

Sim. Why then, I queſtion you, an't pleaſe ye, whether *Alice Draper*, a young Maid in our Town, that I love, has that love for me again as ſhe pretends to have. Becauſe there is an arch Attorney's Clerk, that is often in her Company, and I don't know ——

Criſ. Hold, what kind of Woman is ſhe?

Sim. Why, ſhe is a ſprightly, clever, well-built Wench, with a fine featly Face, brown Hair, and a ruddy Complexion; a good crummy Laſs, and treads well on her Paſtons.

Criſ. Sprightly, proper, well-built, featly Face, brown Hair, ruddy complexion'd; a crummy Laſs, and treads well on her Paſtons.

Sim. Ay, marry does ſhe.

Criſ. Here, take theſe Pills.

Sim. Pills!

Criſ. Yes, take 'em.

Sim. How! Pills!

Criſ. Yes, Pills. You muſt take the Number ten, becauſe of your great Bulk.

Sim. I have taken Pills to purge withal; but, Wounds, can they——

Criſ. Go to, I ſay; they'll purge the Head, and clear the Underſtanding wonderfully. Ours is a Science you know nothing of. (*him.*

Bea. Tell him they are Cephalick Pills. (*Bea. whiſpers*

Criſ. Ay, ay. Theſe are Cephalick Pills: But that is Heathen *Greek* to you: If you underſtood *Latin*, I could talk to the Purpoſe to ye.

Sim. I am a Piece of a Scollard, I muſt tell you. *Intelligo, Domine, linguam Latinam.*

Criſ. Poh, poh, I know that; but that's Out-landiſh *Latin.* There's ſeveral Sorts of *Latin:* There's Law *Latin*, Prieſts *Latin*, and Doctors *Latin*; as for Example: *Olo Purgatum, Phyſicum, Vomit —— um — guts—out —— um——* and ſo forth. Our *Latin* is quite another Thing from School *Latin.*

Sim. I think it may be ſo.

Criſ. Go, do as I bid ye.

Sim. I had beſt give you your Fee firſt.

Criſ. I, I; that's well conſider'd.

Sim. Pills!

Criſ. Ay, Pills.

Sim. Ten Pills.

Criſ. Juſt Ten: Diſpatch——away.

Sim. If theſe ſhould do the Buſineſs——

Criſ. I underſtand you; I ſhall have more of your Cuſtom then: Go, go, farewel——

Sim. Theſe knowing Men, your Lawyers and Phyſicians, when they have once finger'd the Money, are ſo haſty to be rid of a Man, they'll not give one Word into the Bargain. Good Day to ye, Sir.

Criſ.

Criſ. The like to you, Friend. [*Exit.* Sim. Two Crowns and half a Guinea got already! This is a gainful and no painful Trade.

Bea. Learned Mr. Doctor, I muſt have Snacks.

Criſ. And ſo thou ſhalt; there's my laſt Fee for thee. You cannot ſay but I deal nobly by you.

Bea. Thank you; this will buy Pins.

Criſ. Hark! [*Knocking.*

Bea. There's more Fees coming.

Criſ. My Heart miſgives me. Ah, what will become of me? It is the Devil himſelf.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Have you done every Thing as I order'd, *Beatrice?*

Bea. Yes, Sir, the Body's carried into the Vault. Juſt before you came in, this Gentleman (ſome Doctor, I ſuppoſe, of your Acquaintance) I preſume he intends to be preſent at your Anatomy Lecture.

Doct. Sir, tho' I have not the Honour yet to know you, you are very welcome, Sir. I ſhall not begin my Diſſection till To-morrow Morning; then if you pleaſe to honour me with your Preſence, you may perhaps hear ſomething that is curious, and out of the common Road.

Criſ. I have heard much, Sir, of your great Abilities, and ſhall not fail you; for your Reputation, Mr. Doctor, is a Reputation—that—as I may ſay—or as—in fine, Sir, I will not fail to wait on you——

Bea. Sir, if you pleaſe to retire out of this Room——

Doct. By and by——I have not done with the Doctor yet. [*Exit* Beat.]——Pray, Sir, let me conſult with you a little about the Caſe of a ſick Perſon, who is my Patient now.

Criſ. Do me the Honour to excuſe me now; I have Buſineſs of mighty Conſequence, that requires my departure inſtantly;—but To-morrow, Mr. Doctor——

Doct. Stay a little, I'll give you his Caſe in two Words. You muſt know, my Patient, Sir, has labour'd many Months, firſt under a Tertian, then under a Quartian, and now 'tis turn'd to a Quotidian: The Fever we have pretty well abated, yet after all, beſides a great Diſpoſition he has to ſleep, which very much fatigues him—that which he ſpits from him is very white——Now, Sir, in my Judgment, that's an ill Symptom for *a Pituita alba aqua*

inter cutem ſupervenit, ſays *Hippocrates*; and this you know well enough, the *Greeks* call *Leucophlagmateia*:—So then, according to *Hippocrates*, this white ſpitting, or *Pituita alba*, is an evident Sign that the Hydropſy, or Dropſy, will ſucceed. Now, Sir, what ſay you is the moſt ſovereign Remedy to be given in this Caſe, to hinder this evil Conſequence?

Criſ. Why, Sir, I muſt tell you—but to what Purpoſe? You have no need of my Opinion, you are a Man famous for Underſtanding—ſo that—and as it were—in fine, I will not ſpeak one Word more to this Purpoſe.

Doct. Pray, Sir, ſpeak freely; I ſhall be proud to have your Opinion in this Caſe.

Criſ. No matter, Sir, for my Opinion; for tho' I know enough—and all that—yet I had rather——

Doct. I act openly, Sir; I am not, like ſome Phyſicians that I know, ſo fond of my own Opinion, Sir, that rather than conſult with other Doctors, they'll let a Patient die under their Hands: Therefore ſpeak freely, I am prepar'd to give you my Attention.

Criſ. Why then, Sir, in this ſort of Malady, I do not know but that———or when——or as it may be very near this Caſe———or ſo, Sir———

Doct. Humh——

Criſ. What think you of—a—Doſe of Pills?

Doct. How! Pills, Sir? That would ruin all we have done.

Criſ. O, you miſtake me, Sir; I don't adviſe you, Sir, to give him Pills: I only mention'd, Sir, a Doſe of Pills which I had took myſelf this Morning, Sir, which have not yet done working, and force me to leave you ſomething abruptly, Sir.

Doct. Pray let me know your Lodging e'er you go. I ſhall be glad of the Honour of your Acquaintance—— and——

Criſ. I am grip'd moſt damnably ——

Enter Wife, Angelica, *and* Beatrice.

Bea. Quickly, Madam, or he'll be diſcover'd.

[*Aſide to* Wife.

Wife. Enough———O Huſband———Huſband, come away, have a care——have a care——

Doct. Of what, Wife?

Wife.

Wife. Turn that ill-look'd Fellow out of Doors—— away with him——let him not ſpeak a Word.

Criſ. Madam——

Wife. Away with him——

Criſ. Madam——Madam——

Wife. Away with him, away with him, away with him——

Criſ. Madam——Madam——Madam——Madam—— Madam——

Beatrice *and* Angelica *thruſt out* Criſpin: *He turning round is forced quite to the Door.* [*Exit.*

Wife. Ah, dear Huſband, you muſt excuſe me for intruding ſo haſtily——

Doct. What was the Matter, Wife?

Wife. Did you know this Gentleman?

Doct. I ſuppoſe him to be ſome young callow Doctor, juſt wander'd from his Neſt, the Univerſity.

Wife. No, no, he's a *High-German* Doctor——a great Necromancer, a Conjurer; one that deals in the Black Art, and raiſes Spirits——

Doct. How do you know?

Wife. Some of our Neighbours that ſaw him come in at the back Door——came privately and told me ſo—and bid me have a Care of him—I was frighted almoſt out of my Wits—and ſhan't come to myſelf a good while—

Doct. Oh Wife, fear nothing, 'tis but ſilly Peoples talk.

Wife. Indeed I am much frighted——

Doct. Come, come, divert your ſelf, and think no more on't.

Wife. Ay, well thought on——*Beatrice*, are the Performers ready to go on with their muſical Entertainment?

Bea. Yes, Madam, they ſtay but for your coming.

Wife. Come then, we'll go in; Huſband, you ſhall ſtay and go with me—Muſick has a ſtrange Influence over me, that will bring me to myſelf again.

Doct. I will, Wife.

Wife. Daughter, come you along with us.

[*Exeunt* Doct. Wife, Ang.

Enter Criſpin *peeping in.*

Criſ. *Beatrice*, are they gone?

Bea.

Bea. What makes you here?——I thought I had thruſt you out of Doors.

Criſ. You did ſo—— but wondering what you all meant, I ſlipt in again —— to liſten ——

Bea. It was my Contrivance to bring you off, you Blockhead, you had been diſcover'd elſe——

Criſ. This was better, however, than Inciſion, Diſſection, and Amputation: therefore now I'll be gone in Earneſt.

I fairly have eſcap'd all theſe Diſaſters,
And would not run the Riſque again for twenty Maſters.

Bea. Faint-hearted *Criſpin!*

In ſpite of all ill Luck told in Love's Hiſt'ries,
I'd venture Life and Limb to ſerve my Miſtreſs.

Here comes in the third Muſical Entertainment.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Old Gerald.

Old GERALD.

I AM reſolv'd to bribe *Beatrice*, and make her of my Party; ſhe is a notable young witty Wench, and governs her young Miſtreſs as ſhe pleaſes; the Devil's in her if ſhe's Money Proof. I ſee her coming forth.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice, Beatrice, a Word with you.

Bea. To me, Sir, do you ſpeak?

O. Ger. Yes, yes, to you, my pretty, little, witty, ſmiling Rogue; hold up your Head, here's Money for you; ha!

Bea. Two Pieces of broad Gold! What is this for, Sir?

O. Ger. One for thy good Will, and one for thy good Word.

Bea. As how, Sir, I beſeech you?

O. Ger.

O. Ger. Promiſe me one Thing, I will make 'em ten, make them ten preſently; and if you ſucceed afterward, a Hundred.

Bea. Ay marry, Sir, you ſpeak now to the Purpoſe.

O. Ger. You know I have obtain'd the Doctor's Promiſe, to marry his Daughter, fair *Angelica*.

Bea. You have, Sir.

O. Ger. Her Mother refuſes her Conſent to it.

Bea. She does ſo.

O. Ger. Now, Child, if you could get for me the young Lady's Conſent———

Bea. To marry, Sir?

O. Ger. Ay, ay, to marry her.

Bea. Is that all? Come, Sir, ſhe may look further, and fare worſe——

O. Ger. That's well ſaid; there's another Piece for that.

Bea. I thank you, Sir.

O. Ger. I know you rule her as you pleaſe.

Bea. Sometimes ſhe hearkens to me.

O. Ger. Now if you will commend me to her often—

Bea. As how, Sir?

O. Ger. As thus: By telling her how rich I am, and that I love her ſo, I can deny her nothing. 'Tis true, I have a Son, and only Son, but him I have remov'd on purpoſe to make way for her.

Bea. That was wiſely done, Sir.

O. Ger. Ay, was it not? Tell her, all Happineſs conſiſts in Wealth, that ſhe may make me ſettle almoſt all I have on her, and the Children I ſhall have by her.

Bea. And do you think you ſhall have Children by her?

O. Ger. Why not? I am hale and very luſty, *Beatrice*. Well, if thou doſt this for me, beſides a hundred Pounds I'll give thee on the Day I marry her, I'll get thee with Child too, give thee a good Portion, and marry thee to an honeſt Shop-keeper.

Bea. Fie, fie! you offer me too much in Conſcience, Sir; but for my young Miſtreſs, Sir———

O. Ger. Ay, am I ſure of thy Aſſiſtance there?

Bea. Yes, Sir, I'll do my weak Endeavour for you; I'll begin preſently; I'll ſet you forth with Commendations, Sir.

O. Ger.

O. Ger. How, how, my pretty Rogue?

Bea. Why thus, Sir——If I may be ſo bold to adviſe you, Madam, take Mr. *Gerald*, let him be your Huſband ——Says ſhe preſently, Which Mr. *Gerald* meaneſt thou? O, Madam, ſay I, the Father certainly; the Son's a young extravagant idle Fellow; his Father means to diſinherit him, unleſs he mends his Manners.

O. Ger. And ſo I do; that of my Son was well put in. Go on.

Bea. O, but he's old, ſhe cries——true, Madam, ſay I, but then he's rich too, very rich; whene'er he dies, he'll leave you Wealth enough to make you a Lady.

O. Ger. That ſhe may be before, if ſhe pleaſes me.

Bea. I'll tell her ſo: But ſhe may ſay, old Men are croſs and peeviſh——no, ſay I, he's mild and humble, a fine, ſweet-temper'd Gentleman, he'll doat upon you, he'll never make you jealous, he'll not run after other Women, as all young Fellows do.

O. Ger. That was well thought on.

Bea. O, Madam, you know not what a fine Thing it is to be an old Man's Darling!

O. Ger. Good again.

Bea. Says ſhe, his Teeth are naught——O, but his Breath is ſweet——His Eyes, ſays ſhe, are ſunk——O but, ſays I, he ſees without Spectacles——Says ſhe, he's an old muſty, fuſty, ſtinking——

O. Ger. Enough, enough. When ſhall I ſee her, *Beatrice?*

Bea. This very Afternoon, you cannot have a fitter Opportunity; you know the Doctor is much abroad, my old Miſtreſs will be abſent too. If you'll be walking about Four a-Clock near our Back-door, I'll let you privately into the Anatomy-Room, there ſhe ſhall meet you, Sir.

O. Ger. Hold up thy Hand, I'll make the three Broad-Pieces ten. There, will theſe encourage thee?

Bea. You are a wiſe Client, Sir, you will not ſtarve a good Cauſe, I ſee.

O. Ger. I ſcorn it, *Beatrice.*

Bea. One Thing I muſt adviſe you, Sir; be vigorous, preſs your Suit home to her: For I muſt tell you, there's a young, debauch'd, lewd Fellow, juſt ſuch another as your

your own Son is, who haunts her every where, makes violent Love to her, watches all Opportunities to ſpeak to her, is always making Preſents, ſending Letters to her: I'll watch him narrowly, I'll ſpoil his Sport; I'll manage Mr. *Gerald*'s Cauſe ſo well, if I get not my young Miſtreſs from him, I'll forfeit my Maidenhead.

O. Ger. Come hither; I muſt kiſs thee; I will kiſs thee, thou art a pretty, witty, merry Rogue, and I'll—provide for thee.

Bea. Farewel, Sir, remember Four a-Clock: If you brought ſome Jewels with you, Necklaces, Rings, and Bracelets, only to ſhew her, Sir; young Girls, you know, are mightily taken with ſuch fine Things.

O. Ger. I'll do't, my Girl; I'll do't. I'll home and pick out of my Cabinet the beſt of all my Pawns, and bring 'em to her. But firſt I'll be ſpruc'd up; I will be ſhav'd and waſh'd, and perfum'd too; put on a clean Band, and my beſt Bob-wig, my new Hat, and put a clean Handkerchief in my Pocket, and then——at Four a Clock----ay, that's the Hour, [*Exit.*

Bea. Madam, come forth-----he's gone.

Enter Angelica.

Now, Madam, let us laugh while our Sides ake. What would this old, ſtinking, fumbling Fool, do with a ſweet young Wife? When once Love gets into an old Man's Head, it teaches him as many Tricks as a dancing Dog.

Ang. They ſay he's very covetous: How did you get that Money out of him?

Bea. I tickled the old Trout in the right Place; ſee, Madam, here are the merry Spankers; I'll warrant you, I'll do his Buſineſs for him.

Ang. You have engag'd me, *Beatrice*; inſtruct me how I ſhall come off with him.

Bea. Trouble not yourſelf about it, leave that to my Management: I muſt go and find young Mr. *Gerald* out, and *Criſpin* too, they muſt help to carry on the Work. You ſhall have nothing to do but to laugh at his Folly, and applaud our Contrivance.

Ang. I'll in, and expect th' Event. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Enter Young Gerald *and* Criſpin.

Criſ. Well, Sir, what think you now of my Adventures?

Y. Ger. Why truly, they were extraordinary.

Crif. A dead Man——a Doctor——an Aſtrologer.

Y. Ger. You made your Way thro' many Difficulties; but for my Sake, you muſt once more go to the Doctor's Houſe.

Crif. Who, I, Sir?

Y. Ger. Yes.

Crif. I beg your Pardon. What, to be diſſected, carv'd artificially Limb after Limb. No, Sir, I'll have no more Diſſection, Amputation, nor Inciſion. You may go, and venture yourſelf, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Y. Ger. Should I go and be ſeen there by the Doctor, I ruin our Deſign, and loſe my Miſtreſs; he'll tell my Father that I'm in Town. You run no hazard, for he knows not you.

Crif. No hazard, call you it? I hazard my Legs, Arms, Veins, Arteries, and Muſcles; and in the Doctor's Gibberiſh, I hazard Inciſion, Diſſection, Amputation, and Circulation, thro' the Syſtole and Diaſtole. Why, Sir, in ſuch a Caſe, a Phyſician cuts up a Man with as little Remorſe, as a Hangman carves a Traitor.

Y. Ger. For all that, you muſt venture your precious ſelf once more. When I get my Miſtreſs, I'll make thee ample Satisfaction.

Crif. Well, if I muſt, I muſt. I ſaw a Phyſician's Gown and Cap hang up at a Broker's Shop hard by, to be ſold by 'em, hire 'em for me: I had rather appear before him in the Shape of a Doctor, than a dead Man. That Habit, Pills, and Impudence brought me off then. I'll think of ſome other Remedy now.

Y. Ger. While I ſecure the Habit, ſtep to my Father's, and ſecure the Money.

Crif. I will; but firſt, Sir, tell me what is *Latin*, for I am a Doctor.

Y. Ger. Medicus ſum.

Crif. Medicus ſum, Medicus ſum.

Y. Ger. You have it right.

Crif. Very well, *Medicus ſum.* Go about your Buſineſs, I'll about mine. *Medicus ſum, Medicus ſum.* [*Ex.* Y. G. Well, 'tis a fine Thing to underſtand *Latin*; I muſt be ſure not to forget *Medicus ſum*! Now I'll to the old Man. Ho! talk of the Devil, and his Horns appear.

Enter

Enter Old Gerald *and* Martin.

O. Ger. O *Criſpin*, where's your Maſter? Tell me true.

Criſ. Where ſhould he be? At the Univerſity.

O. Ger. Ay, he ſhould be at the Univerſity ---- but where is he, ha?

Criſ. I warrant in his Chamber, hard at ſtudy; or elſe in the Schools chopping Logic. Pleaſe you to give me the Money, Sir, that I may return to him with ſpeed.

Mar. Give you the Money? Ha, ha, ha,

Criſ. What do you ſneer at, ha?

Mar. Money! who's the Fool then?

Criſ. Meddle with your own Buſineſs, Sirrah, or I'll give you a Bonce o' the Chaps——

O. Ger. Be quiet, Knave.

Criſ. A Jack—an—Apes——to interrupt me——

O. Ger. Have done, I ſay——how does your Maſter ſpend his Time there?

Criſ. He ſtudies all the Morning; after Dinner ſtudies again; after Supper he walks out and talks with the Students, and then they jabber *Latin* like the Devil. The beſt on't, Sir, they'll diſpute and wrangle ſo long till they are almoſt choak'd with hard Words. Then they go very lovingly together, and drink a chirping Cup, or two, and then to their Chambers in good Time.

O. Ger. 'Tis very well: But ſeveral of my Acquaintance tell me they have ſeen him here, here in this Town.

Criſ. O abominable!

O. Ger. Sirrah, confeſs the Truth; is he in Town?

Criſ. Medicus ſum——he is not here indeed, Sir.

O. Ger. Deny it not; I know it.

Criſ. He is not here indeed, Sir.

Mar. He equivocates here—here! no, he is not here.

O. Ger. But, Slave, he is in Town.

Criſ. No.

O. Ger. I lye then, do I?

Criſ. Medicus ſum.

O. Ger. What's that you mutter, Raſcal?

Criſ. A Word I learn'd at the Univerſity. *Medicus ſum*; that is, I am a Doctor.

Mar. Yes, of the lying Faculty.

Criſ. Sirrah, if I had you in another Place, I would—

Mar. What would you do?

Criſ. I would diſſect you, Raſcal, run my Fiſt thro' your Syſtole and Diaſtole.

O. Ger. What Gibberiſh is this?

Mar. You Thin-Gut.

Criſ. Yes, Impudence; if I had you under my Clutches, I would make you feel Diſſection, Inciſion, Amputation, ay, and Circulation too.

Mar. Come and you dare, let's ſee what you can do.

O. Ger. Saucy Knaves, forbear.

They offer to fight, O. G. *holds his Cane betwixt 'em.*

Criſ. Sirrah, I'll rip up your Belly, from the Cartilage Ziphode, to the Os Pubis, you Dog.

O. Ger. The Fellow's mad——be quiet, or I'll cudgel both of you. Well, *Criſpin*, ſince your Maſter's not in Town, return you to the Univerſity, tell him, next Week I'll ſend the Money to him by the Carrier.

Criſ. But, Sir———

O. Ger. One Word more, and my Cane ſhall fly about your Ears.

Criſ. Well, I know what I know.

O. Ger. What do you know?

Criſ. That I'll be reveng'd of that audacious Villain.

O. Ger. For what, you Raſcal?

Criſ. Pray, Sir, what will you beat me for?

O. Ger. For a lying Rogue.

Criſ. And I would maul him, becauſe he's a *Fac-totum*, and ſets you againſt my young Maſter and me.

O. Ger. Sirrah, Sirrah, I cold find in my Heart——

Criſ. Ay, ſtrike if you think good.

O. Ger. Say you ſo? There's for you then.

[Ger. *ſtrikes at* Criſ. *he ducks:* Ger. *miſſes his Blow, and falls.* Criſ. *gives* Mar. *a Cuff and a Trip, throws him down, and runs off ſaying.* Medicus ſum.

Mar. Son of a Whore, he has lam'd me.

O. Ger. Help me up, good *Martin.*

Mar. Oh! oh! I want help myſelf, Sir. The Rogue has broke my Crupper.

O. Ger. The Villain has rumpled my clean Band too.

Mar. If ever I light on him——

O. Ger. Be patient, *Martin.*

Mar. I muſt, whether I will or no.

O. Ger.

O. Ger. Go home, *Martin*, I have Buſineſs another Way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Gerald *and* Criſpin; Gerald *helping* Criſpin *to put on his Gown.*

Y. Ger. So, now your Worſhip's fitted.

Criſ. Then you met *Beatrice*, Sir.

Y. Ger. I did; there's Work enough cut out for you; rub up your Memory, you'll have Occaſion to make uſe of all the Jargon you can think on.

Criſ. Thoſe damn'd heatheniſh Names will never out of my Memory.

Y. Ger. I ſee my Father coming; he's running like a Wood-cock into the Snare.

Criſ. I care not if he meet me now; I'll outface him. *Medicus ſum, non ſum Dogus, non ſum Rogus, Medicus ſum.*

Y. Ger. Come this Way, that I may inform you fully of our Deſign: The Time is ſhort.

Criſ. Hold, Sir, degrade me not, the Gown muſt have Precedency, and take the upper Hand too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Gerald.

O. Ger. This is the Hour, 'tis juſt Four by my Watch; if *Beatrice* prevails, I am made for ever.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. O, Sir, are you come? I have been peeping for you at the Window a whole half Hour.

O. Ger. Is the Coaſt clear? Where's my *Angelica?*

Bea. No Queſtions, but come in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Gerald *and* Criſpin.

Y. Ger. So, ſo, he's caught, run to the Fore-door, when you hear me thunder at this——

Criſ. I'll beat an Alarm at that—I have my Cue. [*Ex.*

Enter Old Gerald *and* Beatrice.

Bea. I choſe this Room on purpoſe for your meeting. Here are two Doors, you ſee; if my Maſter or Miſtreſs come to one, I can ſlip you out at the other.

O. Ger. 'Twas wiſely done.

Bea. I ſee her coming; make good uſe of your Time.

O. Ger. I warrant you. I have brought ſomething to ſhew her, will ſparkle like her Eyes.

Enter Angelica. *The Door claſps after her.*

Ang. O *Beatrice!* What ſhall we do? The Door unluckily is lock'd, the Key is on the other Side too.

Bea. That's the Miſchief of all Spring-Locks: There's no Remedy now. Look here, Madam, here's Mr. *Gerald* come to kiſs your Hands.

O. Ger. With your Favour, Madam— [*Salutes her.*

Ang. I vow I am aſham'd to ſee you, Sir.

O. Ger. Young Maids, I know, are baſhful; but when you are married, a loving Huſband will teach you Confidence.

Ang. O *Beatrice!* if my Mother ſhould find me here—

Bea. Fear nothing, Madam; this Door is faſt; I'll lock the Fore door preſently.

Ang. Well, Mr. *Gerald*, you ſee my Maid has prevail'd with me: She gives you great Commendations too.

O. Ger. Ay, my Sweet; I'll make 'em all good, I warrant you.

Ang. I am young, and ſome ſay I am handſome too; I doubt not you'll love me: But, Mr. *Gerald*, what Reaſon is there for me to love a Man in Years, as you are?

O. Ger. I have many Reaſons for your Ear, more for your Eyes. Look hear, my Queen, look here, my *Cleopatra*: Here's a Necklace of Pearl worth about Five Hundred Pounds; it will become that ſoft white Neck moſt rarely. Then here's a Set of Bodkins for your Hair, coſt Fourſcore Pounds: Ah, how they ſparkle like your pretty Eyes! Then here's a Crochet of Diamonds coſt Three Hundred; an Ambreſie worth about Four Hundred more. How like an Angel you will look, when this is ſet under thoſe white panting Bubbies!

Ang. Indeed they're very fine, and very large.

O. Ger. Here are two Diamond Rings, one with three Stones beſides the Sparks, and this has five: One coſt fifty Pounds, the other above fourſcore. Then here are Diamond Bracelets for your Arms. But here, my Jewel, here's the Rarity, the Phœnix of all. This Ring here with one Stone, 'tis a Diamond of the old firſt Water, I have

have refus'd, my Child, above four hundred Pounds for this one ſingle Stone.

Ang. 'Tis beautiful indeed!

Bea. Did not I tell you, Madam ——

O. Ger. And then for Plate, old, and new-faſhion'd too, plain, gilt, and wrought; I have a Cedar Cheſt full.

Bea. What young Man could make you ſuch fine Preſents?

O. Ger. All, all ſhall be yours, my little Mouſe, my Pigeon. [*Knocking.*

Ang. O Heaven! ſomebody knocks.

Bea. I'll peep through the Key-hole. O Madam, 'tis my Maſter and my Miſtreſs.

O. Ger. Let me out at this Door quickly.

Bea. Ah, the Key's broke in the Lock! Undone, undone for ever.

Ang. I am ruin'd if my Mother finds me here.

Bea. Ah, Madam! what will become of me?

Ang. For Heaven's ſake hide yourſelf; do, Mr. *Gerald*, I'll love you dearly for it.

O. Ger. How? Where? I'll do any thing my dear you'll have me.

Bea. Here's the Coffin the dead Body was ſent in from the Gallows, you may hide yourſelf in that.

Ang. Ay, do, Mr. *Gerald*, do.

O. Ger. How! Coffin me before I am dead! I beg your Pardon; I can't endure the Thought on't.

Bea. Then ſtrip yourſelf to your Waiſtcoat, and your Drawers, and lie at your Length here on this Table; I'll tell my Maſter you're the dead Body ſent in to be diſſected,

Ang. Quickly, Mr. *Gerald*; if you love me, deny me not. [*Knocking all this while.*

O. Ger. Come then, I'll do any thing my dear commands me.

Ang. Hark, how they knock! I fear they'll break the Door down.

Within. Ho! *Beatrice*, *Beatrice.*

Bea. Make haſte, or we're undone. [*They ſtrip him.*

Within. Open the Door. Why *Beatrice*, where are you?

Bea. So, ſo; whate'er they ſay or do, be ſure you ſtir not for your Life.

O. Ger. Where will you hide my Clothes?

Bea. Here, here, I'll put them and my young Miſtreſs into the Coffin. [*Knocks again.*] I am coming preſently.

O. Ger. So, ſo; I am as dead as a Herring.

Bea. Whatever happens, Sir, be not afraid. Come in.

Enter Criſpin *like a Doctor*; Young Gerald *diſguis'd like his Man.*

I thought I heard my Maſter and my Miſtreſs.

Criſ. They come here preſently; but where, where be the dead Carcaſs for Diſſection?

Bea. Here, Sir.

Criſ. Very good——Mr. Doctor ſend me to begin de manuel Operation upon the Exterior, an den he will come hear me read upon de Interior.

Bea. Are you the *German* Doctor, that was here this Morning with my Maſter?

Criſ. Yes, de ver ſame; me am de *German* Doctor de Medecine, de Phyſitien, de Operateur, de Anatomiſt, de Chymiſt, de——

Bea. Very well, Sir, have you any Service for me?

Criſ. Stay one little Time. Dis be de Body, let me make de Obſervation of the Viſage—Here be de very ill Aſpect ---dis was one Perſon of de fair Speech, but de fals Heart; covetous, deſigning, letcherous; a Robber, a Thief, a Cut-throat——Sacrament! hanging was too good for him, a Rogue, a Villain---Ah! vat Pleaſure will dis be, to make de Diſſection, de Inciſion, and de Amputation, upon dis Body, and rip open his Belly from de Cartilage Ziphode, quite along to his Os Pubis. Ah! vat be dis? His Heart pant ſtill------dis was the ſtubborn old Thief; was but Mr. Doctor here juſt a now, I would ſhew him de Circulation of de Blood thro' de Syſtole and Diaſtole. Come, I'll begin de Diſſection while de Body be warm.

Bea. What, before my Maſter comes?

Criſ. Yes, indeed, dis be only de manuel Operation; me vil read de Lecture ven he be here. Vare be my Man? vare be de Inſtruments?

Y. Ger. Here, Sir, here.

Bea. Bleſs me! what's that great Knife for?

Criſ.

Criſ. Dis be to cut de Throat, from Jugular to Jugular; as thus.

Bea. Hold, Sir, I beſeech you. Fear nothing, Mr. *Gerald.* [*Aſide.*

Criſ. You ſhall ſee preſently.

Bea. 'Tis juſt like one of our Butchers Knives. And then what is that Ax for?

Criſ. Dis be de Decollation Ax, to cut off the Head at one Chop; as thus ———

Bea. Not yet, Sir. What's that there like a Wimble?

Criſ. Dat be to bore a Hole in de Scull; when any Part of de Scull be broke, and depreſs'd upon the Brain, with dis we bore a Hole hard by de Fracture, as you ſhall ſee juſt a-now.

Bea. No, Sir, not now; I'll ſee't anon.

Criſ. Den we put in de proper Inſtrument, and raiſe de Depreſſure up to de proper Place, and ſo make de Cure.

Bea. But what is this terrible Saw for?

Criſ. Dat be the diſmembering Saw, to ſaw off de Leg, or de Arm: You ſee me preſentale ſaw off de Bone of dis Leg, and ———

Bea. Stay, Sir; What's that ſharp crooked Knife for?

Criſ. Dis be de Amputation Knife, to cut off de Leg, or de Hand, juſt a in de Joint. Ha! where be de Leg and de Arm? ———

Criſpin *draws one Leg from the other, and one Arm from his Body, and* Gerald *draws 'em cloſe to him again.*

Criſ. De Devil! me lay one Arm here, and one Leg here, to ſaw off juſt in the Middle, and cut off juſt in de Joint, for the fine Experiment; and de Arm and de Leg be gone home to de Body.

Enter two Men.

1*ſt Man.* Mr. Doctor, we come for the Coffin we brought the dead Body in.

Criſ. Dere be de Coffin; be gone, and give me no Interruption; now I open all the Breaſt.

[Criſpin *tears open his Waiſtcoat.*

So, now the Inſtrument, dis [*The Men carry off the Coffin.*
Knife, I will in one Moment cut de Breaſt-Bone from de Ribs,

Ribs, and lay all open, dat you ſhall ſee how de Heart, de Lungs, de Liver, lie in dair Place proper, and order natural. O de Devil, agen! de Body ſhrink! de Leg move; and de Arm too: Vat ſtrange Carcaſs have you in dis Country?

Bea. Oh! Sir, I have ſeen whole Bodies, after they have lain here a Day or two, get up, and run away.

O. Ger. And ſo will I: I'll not ſtay to be butcher'd here. [*He leaps off the Table.*

Criſ. and *Bea.* Ah, ah, ah.

O. Ger. Loſe my Clothes, my Life, and Jewels all at once! Your Servant, Mr. Doctor.

Criſ. Stop Thief, ſtop Thief.

[*As* Old Gerald *is running out, and* Criſpin *after him, the Doctor and his Wife enter:* Old Gerald *runs againſt the Doctor, beats the Doctor and his Wife down, and* Exit.

Doct. O, murder, murder!

Wife. Ay, murder, murder!

Enter Simon *and Waiting Woman.*

Sim. Wounds! where's this Dog of a Doctor? I'll knock the old Cheat's Brains out.

Wait. And if I can reach him, I'll claw his Eyes out.

Doct. O! I am brus'd all over.

Wife. And I am lam'd too.

Wait. O, are you there?

Sim. Wounds, Doctor, you have ſcour'd my Guts out, with a Murrain to ye———

Wait. And I can hardly draw my Legs after me, for your Phyſick. But I'll claw you for't.

Wife. Hold, Miſtreſs, or I ſhall pluck a Crow with you.

Doct. Be patient, Wife---You are both mad, I never ſaw either of you before.

Sim. O damn'd lying Doctor! did not you give me Pills, and I gave you a whole half Guinea?

Wait. And had not I ſome of your rot-gut Pills too, and gave you two new Crown-pieces?

Doct. You rave both, and muſt be ſent to *Bedlam.*

Sim. 'Sbud I'll have my Money again----

Wait. And ſo will I----or tear his Eyes out----

Criſ.

Criſ. Hold, Friends; pray moderate your Angers, and don't affront a Perſon of our Faculty.

Sim. Ah, ah! I was miſtaken; this is the Doctor---

Wait. Ay, this is he that gave us the Pills------ I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Criſ. Beatrice, you muſt refund.

Bea. There---

Criſ. Look you, Friends, 'twas a Miſtake. There's your half Guinea, and your Crown-pieces too.

Sim. O pox! this is ſomething.

[*Exit.* Sim. *and* Wait.

Doct. What is the Meaning of all this?

Wife. Beatrice, what is the Matter here?

Doct. What ſtrange Out-cry was that we heard?

Wife. Ay, and who threw us down?

Doct. And what ſtrange Thing was that that run over us?

Bea. Why, Sir, as I was ſhewing Mr. Doctor here, the dead Body that was ſent you from the Gallows, he felt his Pulſe, and laying his Hand on his Breaſt, he found his Heart panted: Then he took his Inciſion-knife, and before he could touch his naked Skin, up ſtarted the dead Body and ran away, juſt as you ſaw---

Criſ. All this is true, Sir, as I am a Member of the learned Faculty.

Doct. I am amaz'd!

Wife. Nay, Huſband, I have heard of ſuch ſtrange Things: I warrant the poor Man was hang'd wrongfully.

Enter Old Gerald *haſtily.*

O. Ger. O undone! undone!

Wife and *Bea.* Ah, ah, ah!

Wife. He's come again, Huſband, ha!

Doct. In the Name of *Goodneſs*, what art thou?

O. Ger. Undone, I ſay, undone.

Doct. Art thou a Spirit? or Fleſh and Blood? anſwer.

O. Ger. Give me my Clothes, my Jewels, Huſwife—

Bea. Avant, avant!

O. Ger. Where are they? Gipſy, ſpeak.

Bea. In the Coffin, in the Coffin.

O. Ger.

O. Ger. I overtook the Coffin, and there's none of 'em. Where are they, and the Jilt too your young Miſtreſs?

Doct. Sure 'tis our Neighbour, Mr. *Gerald.*

O. Ger. I am the ſame.

Wife. You tell me Wonders, *Criſpin.*

Criſ. Step to your Daughter's Chamber, Madam, there the Riddle will be eaſily unfolded. [*Exit* Wife.

Doct. What is the Matter, Sir? why in this Poſture? and why this Out-cry too?

O. Ger. That Baggage there, and the young Witch your Daughter, have contriv'd to abuſe and cheat me of two thouſand Pounds worth of Jewels that were pawn'd to me.

Doct. Here they come then, who muſt give you Satisfaction.

Enter Wife *and* Young Gerald, *leading in* Angelica, *dreſs'd in the Jewels.*

O. Ger. How! my Son here!

Y. Ger. Yes, Sir, and my Wife.

Wife. I found 'em ſhut up together in my Daughter's Chamber.

Doct. Married, ſay you?

Y. Ger. Yes, Sir, contracted long ſince; and now confirm'd in private, as far as Modeſty would permit.

O. Ger. And married too! then all is at an End.

Y. Ger. Here are your Clothes, Sir; Doctor *Criſpin* can tell you how I came by 'em.

Doct. Criſpin!

O. Ger. My Rogue!

Criſ. Non Rogus, Medicus ſum; that is, I am a *German*, or a *Poliſh* Doctor.

Y. Ger. The Jewels, Sir, ſo well become my Wife, I think you cannot in Conſcience demand 'em back.

Ang. They were his own free gift; he ſcorns to take what he has given me.

Wife. Well, I am glad the Son has married my Daughter, and wiſh Joy to you both.

Doct. Bleſs you together. Come, Brother *Gerald*, 'tis your Son's Wedding Night; you muſt forgive 'em, and be ſociable: Let me prevail with you to give Order for a good Supper, and we'll be very merry, Brother.

O. Ger.

O. Ger. I had as good, I ſhall be laugh'd at elſe. [*Aſide.* Sirrah, here has been fine Practice, and my Son's Marriage was your Contrivance.

Criſ. I do confeſs it, Sir, and glory in the Succeſs.

Doct. Come then, let us go to Supper, after which we'll hear at large the Adventure of Doctor *Criſpin.*

Criſ. Beatrice *and I will tell you the whole Story,*
And as we ſnack'd the Fees, we'll ſhare the Glory.

F I N I S.

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EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. MOTTEUX.

GOOD People! ſave the Body of our Play,
From thoſe who to diſſect it yonder ſtay,
Like Surgeons on an Execution Day.
Ev'n e'er it dies they'll mawl it, I'm afraid;
And you'd think't hard, like me, in ſuch a Dread,
To be diſſected e'er you are hang'd, and dead.
The Fear of this our trembling Scriblers kills:
I dare ſay they've no need to take my Pills.
Pray ſpare 'em: Learn of Vulcan *to forgive;*
Or elſe, egad, few Plays or Wives will live.
Ev'n he, methinks, too late his Wrath did ſmother;
Here, Wives and Huſbands keep not ſuch a pother,
But fairly ſtrive t' out-cuckold one another.
Why ſhould all die that follow th' Occupation?
Oonds! 'twere the Way to cut off half the Nation.
Beſides, Horns are not ſeen; ſhou'd they appear,
Gadſooks, yon Place wou'd ev'n out-horn Horn-Fair.
You'd ſee your ſurly Dons toſs their Bull's Feathers,
And your tame poor contented bleat like Weathers;
Leud rakiſh Huſbands butt with goatiſh Horns,
And half-made Cuckolds with an Unicorn's.
Now as all have to cuckoldry a Call,
So will the Curſe of ſcribbling on you fall;
Egad theſe Times make Poets of us all.
Then do not damn your Brothers of the Quill;
To be reveng'd, there's hope, you'll write as ill.
For ne'er were ſeen more Scribes, yet leſs good writing,
And there ne'er were more Soldiers, yet leſs fighting.
Both can do nothing, if they want Supplies,
Then aid us, and our League its neighbouring Foes deſies;
Tho' they brib'd lately one of our Allies.
Sure you'd not have us, for want of due Pittance,
Like Nincompoops, ſneak to them for Admittance.
No; propt by you, our Fears and Dangers ceaſe,
Here firm, tho' Wealth decay, and Foes increaſe,
We'll bravely tug for Liberty and Peace.